

MOSQUITO FOUND TO BE AID TO DOCTOR

British Experts Use It in Treating Paralysis.

London.—"Can you lend us some mosquito-baiting?" We've got a lot of them," said a British expert, as he handed over a small box of the latest researches at the Royal Society of Tropical Medicine and Hygiene, London, for the venereal disease. The mosquito in fact is, in certain cases, a "doctor," and he has been found to do, in cases of general paralysis, what human doctors have been unable to accomplish.

So that the patient need not feel too grateful to the little pest, it must be said at once that "healing" is not part of the mosquito's intentions, for when he inserts his needle-like proboscis in the flesh of the patient, he is not biting, but he is injecting a "poison" which he is pursuing his old trade of "infecting." And this, in a way, he is doing—although his envenomation is now being directed by modern science.

Produces Malaria.

It has been found excellent results have been obtained in otherwise "incurable" mental and general paralysis cases where the patient has become infected with malaria, for when the malaria germs have been conquered, recovery from paralysis follows in the majority of cases. "Doctor Mosquito" is, therefore, being called in to supply the malaria. This ordinary doctor will do the rest.

At the Horton Mental hospital at Epsom, Surrey, there is a "mosquito room," where Prof. P. G. Shute, gold medalist of the College of Pathology, rears, with tender care, from 300 to 500 fine healthy mosquitoes, all guaranteed to bite ferociously, and able to infect you with any disease desired. Details of the case, for which a "poison" of good biting mosquitoes is required, are sent to Professor Shute, and he proceeds to prepare his "pets" for the ordeal.

In normal paralysis cases, about 200 will do, though sometimes 200 are required. Shute sees his "pets" get a good feed from a person suffering from malaria (this may be a bit painful for the malaria patient, but it helps to remove the virus, as is curative even in his case). When Shute is satisfied his mosquitoes have become thoroughly infected with malaria he sends them to the institution which has asked for them.

Feed on the Patient.

On arrival they are allowed to enjoy themselves biting a person suffering from paralysis, though the bites are carefully regulated by the doctors in charge of the case. One day, perhaps 50 mosquitoes are loosed on the patient, the next day perhaps only 50, on the fourth or fifth day he may only have to entertain 30 or 40.

When the patient is first bitten his temperature rises as high as 105 degrees Fahrenheit, and it is allowed to remain at that until ten readings have been taken. Quinine is then administered, the malaria is treated normally, and when it disappears the symptoms of paralysis disappear with it. In the majority of cases, at any rate.

Mont. Col. S. P. James, adviser to the Ministry of Health on tropical diseases, declares that as a result of giving malaria to patients suffering from general paralysis, a new field has been found for research into the terrors of malaria in the tropics.

Girl Saves Farmer

Hampton, N. H.—Eighteen-year-old Lella Hedman is a heroine here following her rescue from certain death by Thomas Cogger, farmer, who, caught in the cutting edges of his mowing machine, was being dragged by his panic-stricken horses.

Solon Rescues Woman

Washington—Senator Robert N. Stanford, Oregon, risked his life in a successful effort to save a drowning woman in a heavy undertow off Ocean City, Md.

Paris Now Wearing Jewelry of Rubber

Paris Rubber jewelry is the fashion of the moment. It is designed for wear at the beaches. Its popularity has caused it to appear even on the boulevards in the form of multi-colored bracelets. For beach wear imitation pearls of rubber composition or wood, bracelets and anklets are chosen.

Butterfly bouquets of rubber for wear with beach costumes are also in high favor.

Earrings are a conspicuous part of the Parisian woman's scheme of self-decoration this summer. The long pendants which disappeared for a time are back in more exaggerated form than ever. Long drops of chased crystal, jade or coral, nearly touching the shoulders, are much seen at the race courses where Paris' smartest women congregate.

Jet earrings the size of bracelets were worn recently at Auteuil. Their size and weight made suspension in the ears impossible.

ST. THOMAS FREED FROM ALL CRIME

Police Commissioner Applied New York Methods.

New York.—The only crime to be found today on St. Thomas, Virgin Islands, is the salary paid to the police commissioner. At least when he arrived here on the Columbian liner last night, he said "it was a crime to take the money."

The commissioner of police for St. Thomas is M. J. Nolan, former captain in the New York police department, in charge of the West Thirtieth street station. New York methods have put the damper on St. Thomas' intentions to support home industries and have its own little crime wave.

"There isn't a crook of any kind in St. Thomas," Commissioner Nolan said upon his arrival. "It has become so quiet down there that I'm ashamed to go around and collect my salary."

In order not to feel guilty of a holdup, Commissioner Nolan said he waits for them to send his salary to him.

On a visit to the Virgin Islands six years ago to see his son, Dr. Roger Nolan of St. Croix, he told St. Thomas officials of New York's methods of cleaning up the underworld. At the time pickpockets, thieves and holdup men had an open season all year round. The officials extended an invitation to Captain Nolan to apply these methods.

He came, he saw, he established a dead-line, brought new uniforms for the 40 members of the police force and in two weeks the crime wave disappeared like a murel in hot weather.

The only trouble left to the police, Commissioner Nolan said, "is that neither my force nor I have anything to do."

SUB FROM ABOVE

This smart piece of photography shows the submarine O-3 of Uncle Sam's navy, as it appeared in the striking maneuvers off Block Island.

Crop Area Falls Off as Population Gains

Washington.—For the first time in history there has been a decrease in the crop area of the United States.

Despite a marked increase in population, there was a reduction in the last five years of 10,000,000 acres in the area of harvested crops, the Department of Agriculture has disclosed in an analysis of the agricultural census statistics. Notwithstanding the decrease, the crop area still is sufficient, in the opinion of department experts, to maintain a large volume of agricultural exports.

The 10,000,000 acres have reverted to pasture or have been allowed to lie fallow, the cause being attributed chiefly to the agricultural depression of the last five years.

Largely as a result of the war time prices, about 40,000,000 acres of pasture land were plowed up and put into crops between 1900 and 1910, and about 3,000,000 acres of forest land cleared for crops. Nearly half of this total, experts believe, was used to meet the increased European demand for foodstuffs. During the extraordinary demands of the war period, the acreage of crop land in 1918 was nearly ten years ahead of what had been the previous rate of expansion relative to increase of population.

Plotted Path of the Hurricane by Radio

Washington.—The use of the radio compass in plotting the course of a storm has been revealed by an experiment made during the recent hurricane which swept the West Indies and the coast of Florida, according to a statement from the Navy department.

Lieut. E. H. Kincaid, navigator of the navy transport, Klittery, plotted the hurricane by taking bearings while the ship was on the way from Port Au Prince, Haiti, to St. Thomas, Virgin Islands. He took the bearings of the point of heaviest storm and from this data computed the center of the sweeping storm. Checking this with later weather reports, he found he had accurately plotted the path of the hurricane.

SEARCH OF FOURTEEN YEARS BRINGS GOLD

Prospector Stakes Out the Stanislaus River Bed.

Oakland, Calif.—Lee Silver and Bert Warrington hold the secret. Lee is a hard-bitten prospector who wandered around 14 years before he could get anyone to listen to his story. Old legends clustered about him. The tale of the Mexicans' mine was ascribed to him. Chinese cooks in the gold country who had worked with Bert Harrie and Fred Mark Twain shook their ancient heads in honorable disdain.

Bert Warrington of this city took a chance. Craftily, cannily, he and Silver made their survey. Now the whole region of Brightman's flats bristles with their claim stakes. "They believe there is gold in the Stanislaus river bed. They have posted their notices and filed their papers. Even now the shafts are being sunk that will tell them if their dreams are to come true."

How He Discovered It.

Silver says it all started 14 years ago. He was wandering around in the High Sierra of "Columbia county" when there came a call for help from his brother in San Jose. Silver and his partner started out immediately.

Down the Stanislaus river they went, along the trail that leads over Sonoma pass, to Brightman's flats, 50 miles east of Sonoma. Here they camped for the night. While the partner was saddling the pack mules in the morning Silver, in true prospector fashion, panned a little gravel in the river bed. They and scattered but unmistakable was the gleam of gold. Silver's great dream was born.

He pushed on to San Jose, helped his brother and started back for the gold country. To his dismay, there was none to believe him. He knew that gold could be wrested from that river bed, but the experts balked.

Engineer Takes a Chance.

Warrington, a civil engineer with some knowledge of mining, finally decided to risk it. Painfully, almost inch by inch, they went over the territory, digging and panning. They prospected the side streams, Eagle creek, Cow creek, Niagara creek, and others, but found no gold. It existed only in the main valley of the Stanislaus. After months of labor, they filed their claims in Sonoma.

Graybeards of the gold country link their venture with the legend of the Mexicans' mine. The story comes down from the days when the jumping frog of Calaveras was still a gay young blade and had never tasted buckshot in his life.

Two lowly Mexican sheep herders wandered into Sonoma one morning with nuggets valued at \$15,000. People tried to vain to solve the mystery of where they had discovered them.

French Women Sail Boat 1,700 Miles

Paris.—Two noted French archeologists, both women, have just published a book on a remarkable voyage they have made. Alone on board a little 24-foot sailing boat, the Perle, of the same type as that in which the first circumnavigator, Captain Cook, crossed the Atlantic. Merita Guitte and Hermine de Senneville have covered some 1,700 miles in the Aegean sea.

The two women started from Piraeus in Greece, and visited Asia Minor, doing all the work themselves in port as on the high seas.

Mrs. Guitte has just obtained her degree at the Sorbonne and is well known for her excavation work in Crete, where she has discovered the ancient city of Mallia, which had disappeared. Her comrade, Mrs. de Senneville, is also a noted archeologist who has worked in Greece.

Postmaster General Out to "Teach" Addressing

Washington.—Lack of street and number addresses on letters has become such a drag on the postal service that Assistant Postmaster General Harbert has begun a general campaign to educate the business public in the necessity of giving complete addresses on all letters. Postmasters have been requested to take up the subject with advertisers in their cities with a view to having a complete address appear in all advertisements in newspapers and magazines.

\$200 in Will for Cat's Relatives Get Rest

New York.—"I give and bequeath unto the New York Women's League for Animals \$200 for the sole purpose of taking care of my cat, Hunny, and a provision in the will filed for probate in the Surrogate's court of Miss Cecelia Reman Simon, who died in Belmar, N. J."

Miss Simon, whose estate is estimated to be worth more than \$11,000, made bequests to the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, the Hyde & Wee Home for Poor Cats and Animals, and an additional legacy of \$200 for the Women's League for Animals.

Caroline Virginia Moyle, "daughter of my dear friend" Beth Moyle," received \$1,000. The residue is divided among relatives.

THE KITCHEN CABINET

(60, 1025, Western Newspaper Union.)

The constant duty of every man to his fellow is to ascertain his own powers and special gifts, and to strengthen them for the help of others.—John Ruskin.

"I protest I do honor a china of beef, I do reverence a loin of veal!"

SEASONABLE SUGGESTIONS

To give variety and elegance to informal meals there is no better aid than a well-stocked fruit closet. This is the time of the year to fill the shelves with jams, jellies, preserves and conserves.

The following suggestions may be worth while in regard to their use:

A cornstarch pudding topped with a spoonful of strawberry preserves or any other small fruit, makes a plain dish quite out of the ordinary.

Any pudding like rice, bread, left-over cake with plain custard is richer and more tasty with a spoonful of jelly or jam dotted over it.

Silk toast is delicious served with blueberry jelly, blackberry jam or loganberry preserves.

A firm jelly may be cut into cubes to use in fruit salads, to garnish cocktails, cake frosting, as well as ice cream.

Jelly rolls, jelly tarts, jelly doughnuts and jelly omelet are all easy to make if one has plenty of jelly.

Jams or jellies are good to serve with waffles and griddle cakes; piled in layers with plenty of butter and jelly on each layer, they may be cut as pie and are served as dessert.

Very small baking powder biscuits, opened and spread with butter, then with jam or jelly are fine; cover and serve hot as a tasty sandwich.

Apple sauce with a few spoonfuls of strawberry jam added makes an entirely different sauce.

Crush strawberries until well-mashed, then take equal measure of sugar, stir and let stand in a cool place until all the sugar has been well dissolved and absorbed by the berries. Have cans well sterilized and cool, fill and seal without cooking. Keep in a very cool cellar and they will be good to the last can. Raspberries and other small fruits may be canned fresh in the same way. This is the time to preserve watermelon pickles for the winter. Soaked overnight in salted water, then cooked in clear water until tender, and then dropped into a spicy vinegar and sugar and sealed, they cannot, they will be a welcome dish in the winter.

Rhubarb jelly is particularly good with ham, grape, currant, mint and pineapple are served with meats.

When serving game a spoonful of currant jelly added to the gravy makes a pleasant sauce.

To avoid lumps in sauces and gravies add the fat to the flour and cook before adding the liquid or when sugar is used mix flour and sugar well before adding it.

Sandwiches.

Stones, drain and thinly slice red and white cherries. Add an equal measure of chopped drained pineapple and one fourth of a cupful of chopped pecans in a 1 x 1 x 1 inch mayonnaise dressing. Use as a filling between slices of hot bread spread with mayonnaise and butter. Garnish with fresh fruit and leaves if possible.

Sardines, Eggs and Pimento Sandwiches.—Drain sardines from the oil using a medium-sized can. Remove the skins, bones and fatty matter. Rub the yolks of six hard-boiled eggs through a sieve and chop the whites very fine. Drain two plumets from the liquor in can, rinse in cold water, dry between the folds of a cloth and chop fine. Mix all well with a nicely seasoned mayonnaise dressing.

Ripe Olive and English Walnut Sandwiches.—Drain ripe olives from the brine and cut the meat from the pits, finely chop and drain. There should be a cupful of ripe walnut meats, a cupful of the olive meat and add mayonnaise. Spread this mixture of white bread with cucumber butter, spread half of the olive oil mayonnaise and the olive mixture. Put together in pairs, press the edges and trim off ends. Serve with coffee.

Sweet Butter, Ham and Mustard Sandwiches.—Cream one-half pound of butter thoroughly and add scant French mustard to highly season it. Spread this mixture of bread with the butter, cover one half of the slices with thinly sliced boiled ham, put together in pairs, trim off the ends and cut into any desired shape.

Corned Sandwiches.—Drain sardines from a large can. Remove the skins and bones and finely mince. Add two tablespoonsful of finely chopped sour pickles, season with salt, mustard, pepper, catsup and mix with mayonnaise. Spread rice bread with horseradish butter, and half the slices with the sardine mixture. Put together in pairs, cut into rounds and serve with any crisp salad.

Brown and White Sandwiches.—Spread brown bread with butter and French mustard, spread white bread with snappy rich cheese. Put together in pairs and cut with a round cutter.

Kellie Maxwell

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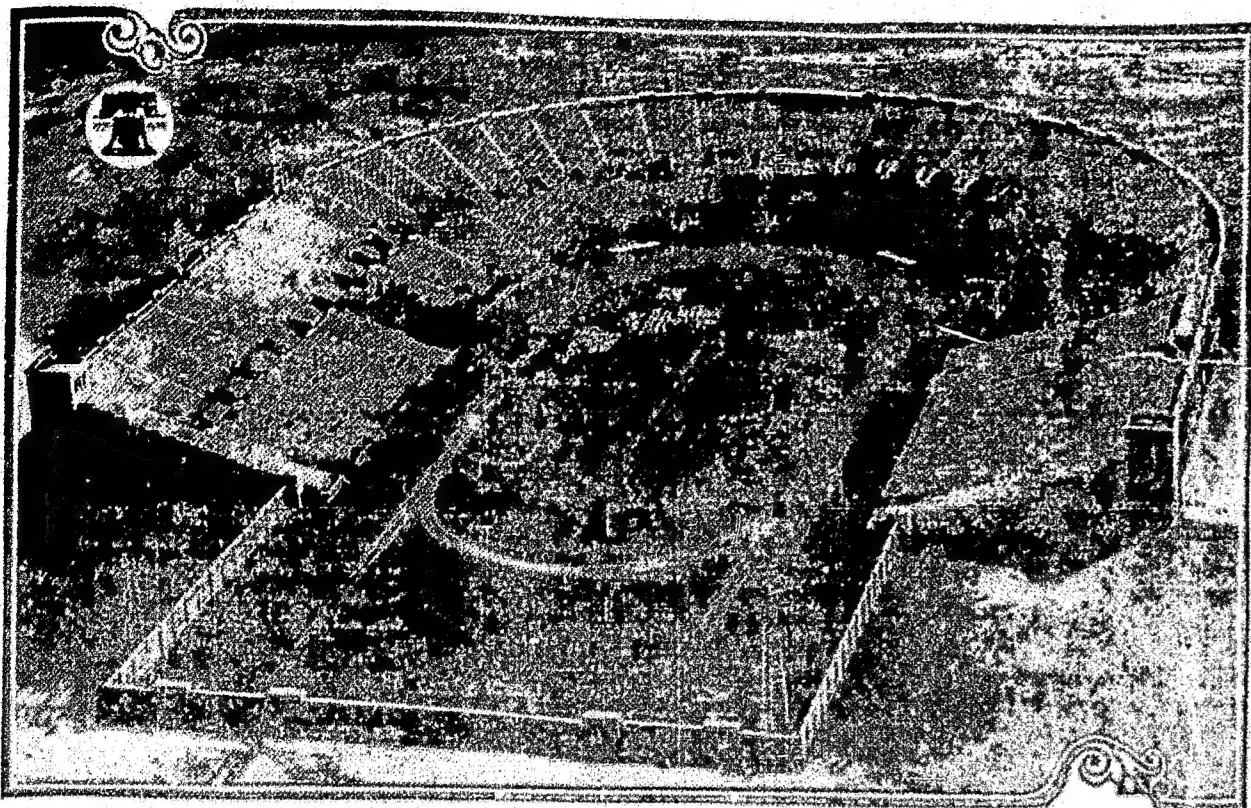
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GREAT SESQUI STADIUM OPENED AT PHILADELPHIA



The giant arena in the center of the Sesqui-Centennial International Exposition sits in Philadelphia was built in approximately 300 working days. It was completed and in use a month before the opening of the big exposition which celebrates the 150th anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence. This photograph, made from the air, shows nearly 5,000 boys on the playing field, massed there for the dedicatory exercises on May 1 which formally opened the structure. In the stands are seated 10,000 persons watching the program. A group of 10,000 persons is a large crowd but they are only a "drop in the bucket" in the big Philadelphia stadium. The boys paraded onto the field to the accompaniment of fourteen bands and there went through their drills and athletic exercises for the benefit of city officials and parents.

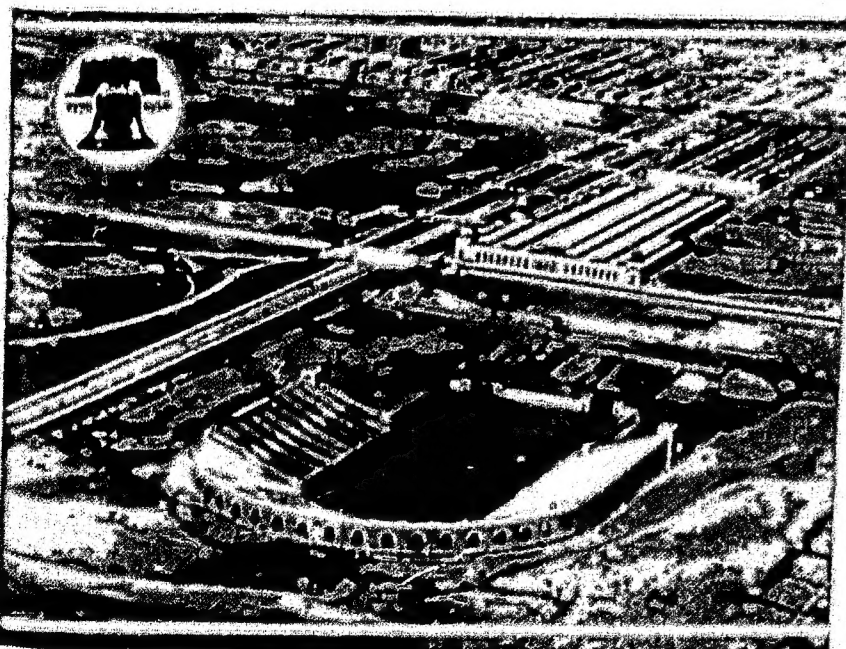
Photo by AERO Service Corporation.

A "Correct" Likeness of Washington



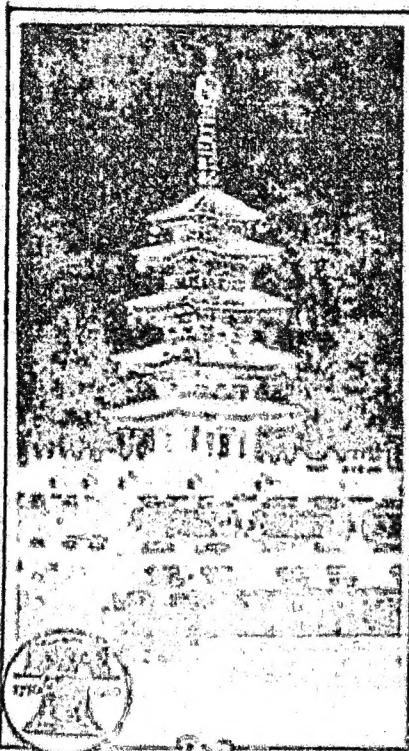
This heroic statue of the commander-in-chief of the first armies of the United States was made for the city of Portland, Oregon, though not yet delivered there by the artist. The western municipality has loaned it to the Sesqui-Centennial International Exposition in Philadelphia June 1 and continuing until December 1, to celebrate 150 years of American independence. At the foot of the sculpture is shown Pompey Corbini, the sculptor. Henry Waldo Poe, of Portland, declares the face to be the most correct likeness of Washington ever modeled.

THE SESQUI FROM THE AIR



An idea of the size and scope of the Sesqui-Centennial International Exposition, which will be held in Philadelphia from June 1 to December 1, to commemorate the 150th anniversary of the Declaration of American Independence, is given in this photograph. In the foreground is the great Municipal Stadium, which seats 100,000 persons. North of the stadium can be seen two of the vast exhibition buildings. The first is the Palace of Agriculture and the second the Palace of Liberal Arts. Opposite the latter building is the big auditorium, which seats 20,000 persons on a single floor. To the left of the stadium can be seen the world famous Indian building the Taj Mahal.

Millions in Pearls



This is the Port of the Sesqui-Centennial Exposition, which is the largest and most beautiful harbor in the world. It is the only harbor in the world which is so large and so beautiful. It is the only harbor in the world which is so large and so beautiful. It is the only harbor in the world which is so large and so beautiful.

"The Vine"



This magnificent bronze by Harriett Fritsch is on display in the Palace of Fine Arts at the Sesqui-Centennial International Exposition in Philadelphia. It is the only bronze in the world which is so large and so beautiful. It is the only bronze in the world which is so large and so beautiful. It is the only bronze in the world which is so large and so beautiful.

Things might be different than they are today if Paul Revere had been compelled to run the gamut of small-town speed cars of the present era. Nearly everything will listen to the man who says nothing, according to the Boston Times-Herald. That's just what the average man says when he talks.

WEST GREENWOOD

Mary Gill and May Murphy spent the week end in Ramford with relatives.

Paul Grotan spent Sunday in Lewiston.

Mrs. Harrington returned to her work in Peck's store, Lewiston, Saturday.

Mrs. Dearden and Miss Harrington and a party from Bethel motored to Lewiston, Sunday.

Mrs. Nellie Cross called on Mrs. Swift at Locke's Mills one day last week.

Mr. Chase's sister spent the week end with him.

Dan McDavid's of Bryant's Pond called at Morris Chase's recently and tuned the organ.

Mrs. Cross of Albany called on Mrs. Dearden one afternoon last week.

Nellie Harrington and her sister were in Bangor last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Barrett of Ramford were callers in town recently.

D. M. Forbes of Bethel was in town Sunday.

Julia Lyden and her sister from Portland and Mabel Cummings of Bethel were in this vicinity one afternoon last week.

Some from here attended the field day at Westford last week.

John Deegan has started out threshing again.

Mrs. J. P. Harrington was in Portland one day last week.

Mary Gill and May Murphy were in Vermont one day last week.

Ernest Cole of Locke's Mills out the day on his farm on Howe Hill.

Both Holt was the guest of friends in this vicinity last week.

Lily Chamber was here from Lewiston, Sunday.

Frank Stevens was in town with his line of goods last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Walsh and Mr. Wilkins, called on friends in this vicinity Sunday.

NORTH PARIS

Mrs. Virginia A. Brown and Dr. Brown visited at Mrs. Emma B. Smith's one day last week.

There was a party at the home of Mrs. M. A. D. L. Smith, Sunday.

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Porto Bello Gold

CHAPTER X—Continued

By
Arthur D. Howden Smith

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WNU Service

The silence was oppressive as we gazed the poop ladder. A last battle of Latin ended on an hysterical note. The Spanish captain stalked to the far side of the deck, rumbling green, and fixed his gaze upon the purple hills of Hispaniola. Behind the steering-wheel the black flock of religious gathered closer under the great, gilded lantern which crowned the high, pulp-like recess intended to protect the helmsman; and amongst those cowed heads and shapeless swathed forms the slim grace and sunny blue eyes of Moira O'Donnell were as patent as the growing fear with which her father met us.

"Don Asencio has placed the conduct of matters in my hands. What is next? Must you?" he began.

He gestured expressively toward the vessel beneath us.

"It seems—let me find myself—'tis a nauseating prospect. Several hundred men—and priests and nuns, Murray—aye, a cardinal, too, one I'll never have absolute for, whatever betide—"

"You concern yourself without cause," said Murray soothingly. "We have arranged it differently, and to that end I shall act a part with your daughter which you must support; aye, to the offering of violence. And now, tell me, where is the treasure?"

"In the lazaret."

"Master Saunders?" called my great-uncle. "Take fifty men and break out a quantity of treasure from the lazaret of the ship."

"Aye, sir," returned Saunders, and the pirates flew over themselves in their alacrity to have a hand in his business.

My great-uncle concluded the cleaning of his sword, crossed to the larboard railing and tossed the bloodied tankard overboard.

"Oh, Master Martin," he hailed the mate on the poop of the Royal James, "be so good as to have a whip rigged from the foreyard-arm to sling aboard the treasure which Saunders is breaking out."

"Aye, sir, I'll attend to it all myself," Martin assured him. "My eyes for a— and all the Twelve Apostles, blast 'em for a lot of—"

"A puncture fellow, Martin!" commented my great-uncle, crossing the deck. "But we must play our little comedy here. You, chevroner, are cast for the Anguished Parent. I am the Aged Libertine. Peter is the Mate with the howling—he gentle, Peter. Robert—lump! I scarce know how to describe your role, Robert. You, shall we say, are to be Youth? You shall be Youthful Watonness, and do we adopt all the exigencies of the plot 'twould be necessary for you finally to strive with me for the possession of the maid. But we will have that anon. Play up to me, nephew! You, too, Peter!"

He left us and walked with a mincing gait, entirely different from his own catlike prow, up to the black-garbed cluster surrounding Mistress O'Donnell.

"Stand me, a fair piece, this!" he drawled. "Too fair to bloom unseen. Come hither, mistress!"

But the maid answered him so doubtfully that it made the blood prick in my neck.

"A black shame on you, old enough to be the father of me and these others here! I know you for what you are, Captain Rip-tap, and if you will be thinking I am one to fear you it is a sorry undertaking you will have. Oh, it might better be down on your knees, asking pardon for the wickedness you have wrought, than plotting fresh evil, and threatening holy folk with your dreadful torments!"

"So you recognize me?" said my great-uncle. "Tis an honor, mistress. But I fear you have heard much to my prejudice, and I must press you to my ship and learn the contrary."

"Step forward, colonel, and defend me!" I muttered under my breath to her father.

He had the grace to blush, but he set upon my suggestion with a semblance of alacrity.

"Sir, sir, what is this you do?" he cried. "Fretful, there is some limit to your law-breaking! The maid is my daughter!"

My great-uncle went through his stiff ritual with an awful exaggeration which was comical to one who knew him.

"Unfortunate!" he drawled. "I wish I could sympathize with you, sir. And to me—"

"Robert, you will conduct the lady to the James."

For the first time Mistress O'Donnell's glance lighted fair upon my face.

"Master Ormrod!" she gasped. "You'd best come quietly, mistress. I suggest."

der—and then her father attacked me, with the Spanish captain, whose patience had been exhausted by this last outrage.

Murray drew his sword and forced the Spaniard back and Peter slung O'Donnell over his shoulder as easily as I had the maid.

"I got him, ja," he announced to Murray.

My great-uncle sheathed his sword. "Carry him along," he said. "Since he is so much concerned as to his daughter's fate, we will permit him to watch it. Afterward, it may be, he can afford us some additional amusement. Stop me, a most persistent fellow!"

A line of pirates staggered across the decks, backs stooped beneath burdens of portly casks and iron-bound chests, wire-wrapped and padlocked, each a-dangle with leaden seals impressed with the arms of the Spanish king. They leered at my writhing captive, but they all looked quickly away as my great-uncle descended to us.

"Can you manage her alone?" he asked me curiously.

"I'll manage her or go overboard with her," I barked.

He smiled. "The right spirit, lad! Tut, tut, mistress, as she wrenched a hand free and dug at my eyes. 'You concern yourself for nothing. We have but played at a game. Observe your father's attitude.'"

"The greater his shame!" she hissed. "That he should have suffered you to take me alive!"

"We are friends," urged my relative, lowering his voice. "Tis but a pretense we make—"

"Friends! Ah, you are friends to the Powers of Evil!"

"The patient a little longer, Moira," pleaded her father from his perch on Peter's shoulder. "I'll explain—"

She went of a sudden entirely limp and burst into a passion of weeping.

"Oh, padre, padre, to think of you a coward! 'Tis worst of all!" O'Donnell swore helplessly.

I climbed by way of a carroussel on to the larboard bulwarks, holding Mistress O'Donnell with one arm while I took a strand of rigging with the other; and even as I collected myself to jump the gap that separated the two vessels she twisted free of me and would have slid overboard—to be crushed to death, most likely, for the two hulls were continually grinding together. I caught her in the nick of time, letting go my clutch upon the rigging, and was near to being dragged down with her, teetering back and forth as aimless as a feather blown by the wind. So that, what with her struggles and my own loss of balance, I gritted my teeth and jumped most precariously, bit or miss, and I am bound to admit, landed upon the James' bulwarks rather by good fortune than skill.

I dropped to the deck in no very pleasant mood. "An ill recompense for one that hath been at pains to spare your father's reputation, mistress," I growled, as surely as any pirate of the crew. "You might have been my death!"

She looked at me, too surprised to answer at once, and before she had recovered herself, my great-uncle and Peter joined us. Peter still placidly carrying Colonel O'Donnell in a flour sack.

Murray cast a swift glance of appraisal around his ship.

"We have come through very creditably," he remarked. "Martin, let me know as soon as the prize treasure is all aboard!"

He turned to us.

"The captain is ready to fall upon one comely. Will you accept my arm, Mistress O'Donnell? A glass of wine and a bit of ash's fare will into better than Robert's ear, which your danger practiced you to nibble. He, my lady?"

She stared at him with utter horror, yet suffered him to place her hand upon his arm. The spirit was gone out of her, exhausted by the strain she had been subjected to. She was like a butterfly spined on a thorn.

Remember of the same sensation

must have affected my relative, for he patted the limp hand on his arm with a truly paternal kindness.

"Come, come, did I not say the comedy was ended?" he chided her. "You are as safe here as in your Spanish convent. But the deck is too public for our revelations. We will seek the seclusion of the cabin, and there the complete tale shall be unfolded for your reassurance, with your father a witness to support it."

She shook her head.

"I—know not what you mean."

"To be sure," he agreed. "But you soon shall. Peter, good friend, pithee take three steps within the companion-way and there deposit Colonel O'Donnell with decent propriety upon the two limbs Nature intended for his locomotion. Ah! Excellent! Allow me, mistress!"

Ben Gunn and the two negro lackeys ushered the party to their seats. Mistress O'Donnell sank into hers with a weariness that was pathetic. She was quite regardless of her surroundings. Peter took his accustomed place at the opposite end, and I sat beside her.

"Let me give you a glass of this aqua vitae, my lass," said my great-uncle, efficient for fatigue and the migraine. See, I taste it myself. 'Tis quite all right. You, too, chevroner? Excellent! Perhaps you will pass the flask to Master Coriander yonder. And Master Ormrod yonder—my nephew. But I believe you and your daughter have had previous acquaintance with him."

O'Donnell muttered something none too civil, but the maid bestrid herself, and her eyes examined me again with the mingling of horror and stupefaction which governed her mood.

"How come you here?" she asked. "You—you are you also a pirate?"

"I am a captive as surely as yourself," I returned. "Aye, more so."

"A captive?" she exclaimed, but interest faded alight. "But surely you—"

My great-uncle interrupted her. "Please, Mistress O'Donnell! Our tale is sufficiently complicated. Let us not make it more difficult to comprehend by confusing it at the beginning with side-issues. First, that there may be no misunderstanding, 'tis true that I am he who is known as Captain Rip-tap."

She shrank away from him in a renewed access of terror.

"I have already told you that you have no cause to fear me," he went on gently, "and to prove that to you I will add that I am an outlaw—what is called a pirate, although I detect the word myself—because I am a Jacobite. I believe, too, I am a Jacobite."

He looked inquiringly at O'Donnell. The Irishman drained his glass.

"Tis true," he asserted. "This gentleman is one Andrew Murray, who was out in the '15 and was afterward in trouble in New York province on the score of intrigues with our friends and the French, Moira. He hath been a good servant to King James."

"But for why will you have been the death of all the poor folk on the Santissima Trinidad?" she cried.

"Tis regrettable that Spaniards had to die, lass," answered my great-uncle, lowering his voice to a proper degree of emotion. "But I can be your friend, and I can be your enemy. The good cause as she might when there was a bonny chance of fetching the Spanish home."

"That is a truth," she admitted with quick passion. "But I am thinking of my own home."

"You talk nonsense, Moira," blurted her father. "Is it not better that this treasure should be employed to recover England and all the lands pertaining to the English crown for their rightful rulers who will assist in the restoration of the True Faith than to be poured into the pockets of the king's favorites at Madrid?"

Why, lass, there are great good men in a service of the church, no less, that set the seal of their approval to what we do. The people of Spain will be thinking of us for the use to which we turned their treasure, and then we'll pay it back," he added with a happy inspiration.

"Oh, that we will!" declared my great-uncle. "What a million and a half pounds to royal Spain! Aye, or to an England that values greatly prosperous under wise Stuart rule!"

She was silent.

His serene manner conveyed subtly an implication of the importance he attached to her approval.

"I would not indict a case of the material philosophy of age upon one so young and charming, my dear," he went on. "But possibly you will forgive me if I indicate to you the regrettable circumstance that the fact is seldom attained. In order to secure the means for re-establishing King James and what your father so quaintly terms the True Faith in the British Isles, it hath been necessary for a gentleman of questionable legal status—myself associated with others of yet more dubious antecedents and reputed to procure the death of diverse Spanish persons, who, of themselves, had never wrought one harm against us or the cause we served. 'Tis by precisely such contrivances of guile and guile that the world is ruled, and I trust my reasoning is clear?"

My great-uncle ceased a glass with an important growl that washed an oath.

"You are waiting time, Murray, Moira is a good lass, and my daughter; but what she thinks of this venture—"

"Tis of considerable importance to me," my great-uncle protested. "I was compelled in the beginning of our acquaintance to give her a wrong impression of my character, and I am extremely desirous to have her good opinion."

"But why is Master Ormrod a captive? Why does he say I am a captive, if—"

"You are not a captive," returned my great-uncle. "At least, I say that under the impression that, as your father's daughter and a devout Jacobite, you would not, whatever your personal feelings might be, undertake to interfere with our plans."

"I am wondering are you all mad," she said blankly.

"There is a certain matter of importance to be discussed, colonel," he announced. "I must have your attention."

O'Donnell nodded sulkily. "As you know, the crew of my associate, Captain Flint, some of whom you saw in New York, are not under the same discipline as my own men. I must have the security of the Rendezvous, and for that I must needs pay Flint. Also, I may have need of him in other ways. This venture is not yet consummated. 'Tis contrary to my instinct to break with Flint if it can be avoided. 'Tis similarly contrary to my instinct to trust him further than I must, and in this immediate case I am loath to trust him."

"What's to do?" rasped O'Donnell. "Raise his price?"

"No, no. My suggestion is that we should stow away our friends' portion of the treasure before we return to the Rendezvous."

"Where?"

"I have been turning that in my mind for several weeks. There is an island south of Porto Rico in the Virgin Islands."

"Yes, you and your father," said Murray gravely. "Colonel O'Donnell risked everything on this coup of ours. To protect him 'twas essential it should never be known he was privy to it. We had the choice of two means to that end. One was to sink the Santissima Trinidad with all hands except yourselves. The other was to arrange to remove the two of you in such fashion as to establish your innocence. I am free to say the first was the easiest course. The dictates of humanity, however, prevailed."

How he rolled that last sentence. "And what do you know of humanity that soaked the decks of the Santissima Trinidad with blood?" she asked.

"You that the Spaniards cite as a byword for cruelty and wickedness? I will not believe a word that you say. I will not believe any man here. We are all smirched with the same badness."

Peter leaned his great bulk forward upon the table.

"You talk no more, you," he commanded the Irishman. "Now, I talk! Little gal, Rob and I we don't count on Murray because we like to. He makes us ja'. He uses us. He uses your father. He uses you. But when we are with him we do what we can to take care of you. It is not good for little gals to be on pirate ships. Now!"

He leaned back.

Her blue eyes dwelt seriously upon his vast, flat face, with its insignificant features bunched here and there.

"I believe you," she said.

"Stop a moment," urged Murray. "Our Peter is discovered a scoundrel of a piece, a great chevroner. Peter, you have disguised your talents. We must know more of them."

"Ja," said Peter vacantly.

Mistress O'Donnell rose.

"Sir," she addressed my great-uncle, "you will be excusing me if I do not linger for more conversation. What you do hath no concern with me. I am very distraught, and my heart is sick with the black sorrow, and I—I—"

she wept a little. "I would lie me down and weep."

I slipped from my seat and steadied her.

"Take her to your stateroom, Robert," said my great-uncle. "You must nurse with Peter."

He rose, himself, leaving with the one courtesy which became him nobly.

I guided her as far as the stateroom door. She thanked me faintly as I opened it for her, and I was abruptly impelled to recover her friendship.

"What I tried to tell you was the truth," I murmured, the words spilling fast from my tongue. "Indeed it was! Peter Ormrod had the right of it. We two are no pirates, and all that we had done was intended to take exactly your eye."

There was a slight light in her eyes as she tilted them under my chin.

"And send you be honest, sir," she said. "I must not be judged. The world is gone all topsy-turvy. Even the padre—"

She checked back a sob.

"You will not misunderstand," she ended with quiet dignity, "if I say no more that maybe already he's said too much."

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HOW TO KEEP WELL

DR. FREDERICK R. GREEN
Editor of "HEALTH"

LEPROSY IN THE UNITED STATES

LEPROSY is an ancient disease. It was evidently known and dreaded in Egypt before the time of the Exodus, as shown by the minute and stringent laws that Moses, the world's first great health officer, enforced on the Children of Israel. Readers of the Bible know how frequently the Bible writers refer to the disease and how much it was dreaded. Whether what was called leprosy in biblical days was exactly what we now recognize as leprosy or was a combination of several different diseases is a question over which experts are still arguing. Whatever it was, it was evidently much commoner and more contagious than it is today. Judging from the large number of leper hospitals and colonies in Europe during the Middle Ages, leprosy was apparently a commoner disease during that period. Today, in most civilized countries, it is rare.

It still exists in this country, although so uncommon that the great majority of physicians have never seen a case. Only occasionally, when a case is discovered and announced in the newspapers, does the average person know of its existence. The popular fear of the disease is far out of proportion to the dangers.

The United States public health service estimates that there are about twelve hundred lepers in this country. There are more in the Gulf states than anywhere else. The disease has existed for generations in these states, especially in Louisiana, probably through contact with the tropical countries of Central and South America through commerce; the infection was brought in one hundred years ago through the African slave trade and possibly through the settling of parts of Louisiana by the Acadians.

None of our states has any hospital or facilities for treating these unfortunate, so the national government has taken over their care. No state wanted to have a leper hospital located in its borders. Louisiana had already established a leper hospital, so in 1921 the federal government purchased the hospital and enlarged it. It now has room for 425 persons and the United States public health service has the authority to take charge of any leper in any state and transport him to Carville, La., where he is cared for at public expense until he dies or recovers.

The best authorities agree that leprosy is a dangerous contagious disease and that the best method of controlling it is to keep each leper separated from healthy persons so long as the disease is active.

VARICOSE VEINS AND ULCERS

VARICOSE veins form one of the most chronic and troublesome afflictions of middle and old age. In former years, varicose veins and ulcers were far more common than they are today, when modern surgery offers an easy, safe and effective method for treatment and cure.

A varicose vein is one in which, on account of sluggish circulation, the vein is stretched by the venous blood pressure, so that the valves in the vein no longer work and as a result the full weight of the blood column falls on the vein, stretching it still more and causing a hardening and thickening of the walls of the vein, similar to the changes caused by arteriosclerosis in the arteries.

The principal vein which is affected is what anatomists call the long saphenous vein, the vein which carries back the venous blood from the foot and leg. Starting on the inside of the ankle, it runs up the inside of the leg just under the skin, receiving branches from the leg and thigh and getting larger as it ascends. Extending as it does from the foot to the upper part of the thigh, it is the longest vein in the body. In normal condition, this vein, like all the other veins, is provided on its inside with valves like little cups, which hold up the weight of the blood column and so prevent the blood from settling in the foot and lower leg, as it would naturally tend to do. But if the vein is stretched, these valves are pulled apart and no longer work. Then the whole weight of the blood above is exerted on the lower part of the vein and stretches it still more. The blood stagnates, the watery part oozes through the walls and the skin on the foot and leg up to the calf becomes blue, bony and swollen.

A slight bruise or scratch on the unhealthy skin will start an ulcer, which once started is very slow to heal. These ulcers are usually on the inside of the leg just above the ankle.

Rest, elevation of the legs, elastic stockings and bandages, poultices, salves and have all been used on these patients who are too weak or old or who will not consent to an operation. They all help but they do not cure. The only treatment that will permanently cure a varicose vein or a varicose ulcer is an operation by which the long vein is cut through and tied or a piece cut out so as to destroy the vein and relieve the unnatural blood pressure.

(Dr. Fred. R. Green, Editor)



"Last of the Ruddy Boys Is Comin' Aboard, Sir," He Said.

sin group, a barren dot, hated by all seamen for sorry memories of shipwreck and suffering. They call it the Dead Man's Chest."

"What? Dump this gold we have risked so much to win on a sandbar for the first passing fellow to—"

"I have said no man will go there if he can help it."

"I like it not," snarled O'Donnell. "My friends would have ugly things to say did the stuff slip from our hands in that war."

"Tis less likely to slip from our hands on the Dead Man's Chest than aboard the Royal James," answered Murray. "Rebuke you, chevroner! 'Twill give us time to let the hue and cry of the Spaniards die down and to arrange with your friends for its reception."

"Whatever you say, 'tis a miserable alternative," protested O'Donnell. "Let us rather hold north and set the treasure ashore in France."

To run the gauntlet of French and English cruisers," my great-uncle declared scornfully. "O'Donnell, man, you are out of your mind! And when you had landed it, what would you do? How much of it would go to your friends and how much to grease the pockets of French officials?"

My great-uncle took snuff, tapping the box thoughtfully after he had tasted the powder in his nostrils.

"To be strictly honest with you gentlemen," he remarked at last, "I am disposed to return to Flint because I foresee a possibility of my dealing so as to sacrifice him to cover our tracks. I have no definite plan in mind, but in a moment's thought I should like to fetch him to France, from whence he could be sent to the guillotine."

"To be strictly honest with you gentlemen," he remarked at last, "I am disposed to return

